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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Bivouac of the Dead.

BY THEODORE O'HARA. 1820-1867.

"The Bivouac of the Dead" has been translated into almost every European language and it has been almost as popular in England as in the United States. On one of the most stubbornly contested battle fields of the Crimean War is a large monument which bears the last four lines of the first verse of O'Hara's poem, and over the gateway of the National Cemetery at Arlington the whole first stanza is inscribed, while there, as at Antietam and other national cemeteries, the entire poem is produced stanza by stanza on slabs along the driveways.

O'Hara was a native of Kentucky and he served in the army during the war with Mexico. He wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead" on the occasion of the removal of the bodies of Kentucky soldiers from the field of the battle of Buena Vista to their native States. The words "dark and bloody ground" continued the name which the Indians bestowed on the territory which is now Kentucky.

At the outbreak of the Civil War O'Hara entered the Confederate army as a colonel. He died at Alabama in 1867, and his body was removed to Kentucky and laid beside those of the soldiers he had commemorated.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubling thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No hurrying horn nor screaming file
At dawn shall call to arms.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast;
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Full many a northern's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the plying sky has wept
Above the moldering slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight
Or shepherd's pensive lay
Alone now wakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dreary fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
Shall claim from your richest spoil,
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the glory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
Is deathless song should tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell!
Nor wreck nor change nor winter's flight
Nor Time's remorseless doom
Can dim one ray of holy light
That glids your glorious tomb.

Investing a Surplus.

The notice appeared one morning on the bulletin board at the Easton Centre post office, and for several hours a group of farmers and villagers stood before it. They expressed opinions of all sorts. The prevailing belief seemed to be that Deacon Allen was trying some sort of detective trick to ensnare the man who had stolen his chickens. That he actually had been lucky enough to find a pocketbook lost by the thief and containing more money than the fowls were worth, seemed too good to be true. Yet everyone conceded that the deacon was a truthful man, and he had tacked up the notice himself—the postmaster had seen him do it.

When Mr. Allen himself appeared in town his friends roundly questioned him. He was frank about the matter, although he refused to divulge certain details that might enable an impostor to claim the money. On the morning before, when he went out as usual to feed his chickens—he was, as everyone knows, raising a flock of about ninety white wyandotte pullets of a strain famous for egg laying—he had found the henhouse empty. Tracks

showed that some time during the night a wagon had been driven up to the roadside. It was a wide-tired vehicle, evidently a heavy farm wagon, drawn by two horses; it had come from the west and after stopping by the roadside had continued eastward.

While looking for clues he had found just inside the door of the henhouse a burlap sack that had fallen under a nest box. In the mouth of the sack he had discovered a small object that proved to be a pocketbook containing a large sum of money.

Deacon Allen refused to name the amount, but he did say that it was a good deal more than the value of his fowls, which he roughly put at a hundred dollars. There had been no papers in the pocketbook, he said, or anything else to reveal the identity of the owner.

When Judson Lane asked him whether he suspected anyone in particular, the deacon answered with some heat:

"What right have I got to single out one of my neighbors for suspicion?"

"Maybe it ain't a neighbor," said Judson.

"I hope it isn't," the deacon replied.

"But a lot of chickens have been stolen round here," the postmaster put in. "It ain't likely he comes from very far away."

"Probably not," the deacon admitted.

"Anyhow," Earl Blodgett remarked, "you haven't lost anything, deacon."

"No, I've got a good, fair price for my chickens, though I should have preferred to keep them, for they're beginning to lay and eggs are getting higher all the time. But, over and above their value, I've got a surplus—that's what's bothering me."

"No one is likely to claim it," said Judson Lane. "You charge it to profit and loss, deacon: your profit and the thief's loss."

Everyone present laughed at that, except Mr. Allen, who did not even smile.

"I don't know," he said soberly, "that I've any call to worry about the thief's loss, for he deserved to lose, but my profit is a different matter. I didn't earn it, and I don't know yet what to do with it."

"You might give it to charity, if your conscience won't let you keep it," the postmaster suggested.

"That's just what I'm figuring on," the old man declared, as he climbed into his buggy; "but I want it to be a profitable charity, and I haven't quite worked that out, yet."

As he drove away, the others started after him in some bewilderment. The idea of a profitable charity was new to them.

Mr. Allen had by no means told everything to his questioners. As soon as he found the pocketbook he had hurried into the house to consult his wife. Together they counted the money, which amounted to \$457 in bills and \$3.35 in silver. The wallet was of heavy cowhide leather and was old and worn.

Mrs. Allen was filled with wonder that a person who would steal chicken should be possessed of so much ready money. "It don't seem possible," she said. "Why, you never make a habit of carrying any such sum about with you, David!"

"No," the deacon replied a little tartly, "and I don't make a habit of stealing chickens, either. If I did, maybe I should carry more."

"It's dreadful to think of such people's living in the world! What are you going to do with the money, David?"

"I don't know. Keep your eyes and ears open, mother; the man who lost that pocketbook may come back here looking for it."

"Why, he may break into the house!"

"No, I guess not. He won't get it if he does, for I'm going to deposit the money in the bank. He's more likely to sneak out to the henhouse, where I've left that sack."

That very afternoon two men drove up and called loudly for Mr. Allen. The deacon recognized them as Henry Simmons, a horse trader who lived a few miles away, and Simmons's cousin, Alvin Peters.

"I hear you've got a cow you want to sell Mr. Allen," Simmons said.

"Why, I don't know," the old gentleman replied, with a curious smile. "I guess I have said that I'd sell that little Jersey I bought of Nick Turner, if I could get my price."

"Let me see her," said the trader, handing the reins to Peters. "I suppose she's down in your pasture lot?"

"Yes."

When they reached the herd, Simmons thoroughly examined the cow several times. When Mr. Allen told the price, the other argued and haggled. But the deacon merely smiled, and neither lowered the price nor showed the slightest eagerness to make a sale.

"Well, she's too expensive for me," Simmons said at last, starting back to the wagon. "I couldn't sell her for anything like what you ask, and I don't do business for fun."

"Well, she's worth that to me," Mr. Allen remarked, and still smiling, watched his visitors drive off. When they had turned the corner, however, his apparent indifference dropped from him, and he hurried to the house.

"Notice anything, mother?" he asked.

"I should say I did!" Mrs. Allen exclaimed. "You hadn't more than got into the lane when that young fellow jumped out of the buggy and walked out to the chicken yard. He searched all over there and inside the hen-house, and then went back and forth to the road. He kept one eye on the house too, but I didn't let him see that I am watching him. He'd just got back into the buggy when you came in sight."

"That was what I kind reckoned would happen," said the deacon. "He was pretty well disappointed, I expect, when he didn't find what he was looking for."

"Wasn't that Hank Simmons who went to the pasture with you?"

"Yes."

"Delia Upham's husband—and she was such a good girl! Dear, dear! He isn't poor, is he?"

"Only in his principles, I guess. I've always known that he was dishonest in a trade, but I never heard anyone say that he was a thief. He could dispose of stolen property easier than most people, though, for no one would wonder at his having anything in his possession, swapping all the time the way he does. This is a queer world, mother. I guess I'll advertise that pocketbook in the post office to-morrow."

Although the advertisement was very successful in attracting attention, it was a total failure in producing results. Besides putting up the notice, Deacon Allen asked many persons—among whom was Henry Simmons—if they had heard of anyone's losing money.

Simmons regarded him sourly. "I don't know of anyone's losing anything," he said, "unless you've succeeded in selling that Jersey at the price you ask. In that case, the man who bought her is probably out more than you found."

"I haven't sold her yet," said the deacon with his low smile. "I'm glad to know you didn't lose anything, Henry."

Simmons shot a glance at him and opened his lips to speak; but, thinking better of it, he said nothing.

A few days later Mr. Allen had another visitor. The deacon was trustee of the school in District No. 4, just beyond the village limits, and his caller had come to apply for the position of teacher for the succeeding year.

"Ever taught before, young man?" Mr. Allen asked, regarding his visitor with quiet interest.

"No, sir; I was graduated from the Easton High School only last June."

"H'm! Pretty young, I reckon. How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"H'm! Seems to me your face looks familiar; haven't I seen you somewhere?"

"I guess you have, Mr. Allen; I usually drove this way, coming from Petersburg. My name is Simmons—Harry Simmons."

"Yes, yes; you favor your mother, young man."

"She advised me to come here, Mr. Allen, before I applied anywhere else. She said you and Mrs. Allen were very kind to her when she was young."

"Delia was a good girl, a very

good girl. I shouldn't wonder if mother would like to meet a son of hers; I'll go call her."

Deacon Allen left the room hurriedly and sought his wife.

"Go in there and look that young fellow over," he said. "He wants to teach our school, and maybe he wants something else—I don't know for sure. Come back in five or ten minutes and tell me what you think of him."

"Who is he?"

"You'll know as soon as you set eyes on him."

With a puzzled expression, Mrs. Allen went into the living room. When returned, fifteen minutes later, she declared emphatically:

"That's a good boy. He's just like Delia."

"H'm! He looks like her; but remember that he's Henry Simmons's son, too."

"I can't help it if he is; children aren't to blame for their parents. You hire him, David, and you'll never regret it."

"H'm!" was the deacon's only response.

But the old gentleman was in the habit of abiding by his wife's judgment, and before his interview with young Simmons ended he had not only engaged him to teach the school but had agreed to board him as well.

Throughout the fall and winter terms the deacon never relaxed his quiet watchfulness. He made every effort to become well acquainted with their young boarder, and finally with the coming of spring, he made up his mind about a matter that he been pondering for some time.

"You ought to get more education, Harry," he said one evening, laying aside his newspaper. "You don't want to teach a district school all your life."

"I know it, Mr. Allen," the young fellow replied; "but I've got to earn money to educate myself. I plan to teach for two years and then go to college for a year. What happens after that will depend upon the progress I make and whether I can find some way to earn money."

"You're getting older all the time, and the first you know you'll have forgotten what you learned in high school."

"No; I'm keeping brushed up, and teaching helps me a lot. But I can't go before. You see,—he hesitated, but finally went on,—"father doesn't believe in education. He wouldn't help much when I was in high school, and he refuses to pay a cent toward college. He doesn't think it makes people practical."

The deacon nodded understandingly. "How much will it cost you a year?" he asked. "Have you ever figured it out?"

"Why, I think I could get through on \$350—I could on \$400 anyhow."

"You'd better plan to go next year. I've got close to \$400—yes, we'll call it an even \$400—that I've been wondering what to do with for a long time. I couldn't make a better use of it, I'm sure, than to spend it for a year in college for you."

Young Simmons stared at him in amazement.

"Why," he stammered, "why, that's very generous of you, Mr. Allen, but I couldn't think of taking your money!"

"Suppose, just for the sake of argument," said the deacon, "that I tell you it isn't my money?"

"That wouldn't make any difference; I couldn't accept a gift of that amount."

"Well, call it a loan, then."

"I don't know when I could repay you."

"Never mind about that. I don't want to be repaid, for I tell you that it isn't my money. Some day you could repay some one else—some other young man—who needed an education, and that would make it all square."

The young teacher wanted to think the matter over; but later he accepted the money with many thanks and in the following September entered college. Deacon Allen did not see him again until June of the next year.

"How did you get on?" he asked.

"Why, pretty well," Simmons replied. "I got a chance to wait on table, so my board didn't cost anything after the first month. Then I

picked up a laundry agency, and that helped with other expenses. I spent only about \$250 of your money, so I have something to begin on next year."

"That's good—that's fine!" said the deacon heartily. "But it may not be enough. If you need any more, Harry, I think I know where I can find it—as a straight loan this time."

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Allen, but I won't need it. Father has deposited a thousand dollars in the bank to my credit."

"Well, well, that's better yet—that's the best of all!" cried the deacon heartily. "But I thought he was opposed to education."

"He was, bitterly opposed; but when he found out what you had done it seemed to set him to thinking. He talked about it all one evening just before I went away, and this spring he wrote to me about the deposit and sent me the bank book. You know he's sold the farm and gone into the automobile business."

"I heard something about that," said the deacon. "Well, Harry, he'll be proud of you when you graduate."

A few days later, when the deacon drove into the village, Judson Lane accosted him.

"Did you ever invest that surplus on your chicken deal?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes, sir!" the deacon replied emphatically. "I certainly did!"

"I did. I don't mind saying it was about the best deal I ever made."

"Well, there ain't anyone else likely to profit in just the same way. I don't know as I've heard of another thief since you lost your flock."

"I guess you haven't. You see, I made an investment that pleased me, protected the whole community and helped the thief the most of all. This profitable charity is a great thing, Jud."

Judson stared after him wonderingly. The deacon always was a puzzle to his neighbors.

Alexander Graham Bell Picks Boy As Most Interesting Acquaintance

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, was asked to name the most interesting man he knew. He answered that his most interesting acquaintance is not a man, but a deaf-and-dumb boy named Charlie Crane, who will some day, he believes, be as famous as Helen Keller. Charlie is a student in the School for the Deaf at Halifax, N. S.

Charles Allen Crane was born in Vancouver, British Columbia, on April 10th, 1906. When he was nine months old he lost both sight and hearing through spinal meningitis.

He was admitted to the School for the Deaf at Halifax on May 10, 1916, when he was a little over 10 years of age. He is one of a family of eight, four boys and four girls, and his parents are healthy, intelligent and well educated people.

Charlie has a keen sense of humor, is most inquisitive, and as happy as the day is long. If he suspects you are fooling him, up like a flash goes his hand to your throat to find out whether or not you are laughing. He has been about 18 months in Halifax, and under regular instruction less than 12 months.

In that short time he has been taught to speak and his speech, unlike that of so many deaf children, is pleasant and even the most difficult sounds distinct and easily intelligible.

Some months ago he addressed the Rotary Club in New York, and each word was easily understood by everyone in the large room. He has a most retentive memory. He had been about five weeks in New York when the school closed for the summer, and one day in the holidays his teacher was surprised to see him spelling the names of pupils.

She watched him carefully, and found that he omitted only seven out of the 97 pupils in attendance.

—Boston Post.

Salt has been found under Cleveland and prepared for market for many years, but the city has only recently awakened to the fact that sufficient salt underlies it and the immediate vicinity to supply the world.

Home Sweet Home!

"Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere."
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds sing gaily that came at my call—
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

How sweet, too, to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the caress of a mother to soothe and beguile!

Let others delight mid pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care!
The heart's dearest face will smile on me there!

No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

It has been said that one simple little poem has done more than statesmanship or legislation to keep alive in the hearts of the people the virtues that flourish at the fireside and to recall to its hallowed circle the wanderers who stray from it. It was written by the son of a New York schoolmaster, who was born on the first of April, 1791. Forsaking the career of commerce, for which his father intended him, this son took to acting. He appeared for the first time in a New York theater in the year 1807 and for some years acted in different parts of America. Occasionally he contributed articles to New York papers and journals. Not being satisfied with his success at his home, the young man wanted to try his acting on an English audience. So with letters of introduction to Lord Byron, to Kemble, to Coleridge, and other celebrities of his day when he went to London, and in 1813 acted the role of "Norval," greatly pleasing the playgoers as well as the critics. But not being a genius, the young actor failed to satisfy a fickle public; so he soon gave up acting and took to translating melodramas and operettas.

One dreary October day in 1822 the wanderer from home found himself stranded in Paris amid strangers. It was then that John Howard Payne wrote the verses of the simple little poem full of the sadness which he felt. As it was first written the poem was as above.

Only two verses of the song were sung originally. The words were slightly altered and sung by Miss Tree in "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which was produced at Covent Garden Theater on the 8th of May, 1823. For these verses John Howard Payne received \$250. The words of the touching melody went straight to the hearts of the assembled audience. Soon the song became wonderfully popular all over the country and was being sung in the farthest parts of the world. During the first year of publication more than 300,000 copies of the song were said to have been sold. The music of the song was composed by Sir Henry Bishop, who had been engaged to edit a collection of national melodies of all countries. Discovering that he had no Sicilian air, he invented one; and the result was the well-known air of "Home, Sweet Home," which he arranged to the verses of John Howard Payne.

On his last visit to his native land Jenny Lind sang in the city of Washington. With her exquisite melodies the wonderful singer was entrancing the vast audience assembled to hear her, when suddenly she turned to the part of the auditorium where John Howard Payne was sitting and sang "Home, Sweet Home," with such pathos and power that enthusiasm swept through the audience and the author of the immortal lyric was thrilled with rapture.

After many years the remains of John Howard Payne were removed to Oak Cemetery, Washington; and a monument, built by public subscription, marks the spot where his ashes rest. In a burying-ground of Tunis, where Payne died, is a tomb inscribed with his name, the date of

his death, and the particulars of his merits as a poet and dramatist. Round the tombstone were engraved the following lines:

Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angel said:
"Welcome to Heaven's Home, Sweet Home."

—CORA LOWE WATKINS.

NEWS ITEM

The figures covering the Postal Savings business for the month of June, have just been compiled by the New York Post Office, and the postmaster Patten announces that the increase for the month of the balance remaining on deposit amounts to \$429,321.

The total on deposit in the New York Post Office and its branches covering Manhattan and the Bronx amounts to \$32,107,195, and there are approximately 150,000 depositors.

Hitherto the many advantage of the Postal Savings System, including its absolute safety, the facility with which money may be deposited and withdrawn, the availability of the many stations throughout the city, and the opportunity for depositing and withdrawing accounts before and after the usual banking hours, have been limited to accounts of \$1,000, but this limit has been raised, and the law provides that deposits may be increased to \$2,500. The rate of interest will remain on all accounts as it has been hitherto, two percent.

The Post Office Department is particularly gratified at the increase in the deposits shown for June, since it has occurred notwithstanding the millions of dollars New Yorkers have invested during this period in Thrift and War Savings Stamps, and which sums have been very largely purchased through the agency of the New York Post Office and its stations.

HOLD YOUR LIBERTY BONDS.

To successfully finance the war it is necessary that owners of Liberty bonds hold their bonds if possible. Where for any good reason it is necessary for them to turn their bonds into cash, they should seek the advice of their bankers.

Liberty loan bonds are very desirable investments, and crafty individuals are using various means to secure them from owners not familiar with stock values and like matters. One method is to offer to exchange for Liberty bonds stocks or bonds of doubtful organizations, represented as returning a much higher income than the bonds.

There are various other methods used and likely to be used, some of the gold-brick variety and others less crude and probably within the limits of the law. All offers for Liberty bonds except for the money and at market value should be scrutinized carefully. The bonds are the safest of investments and have non-taxable and other valuable features.

To hold your Liberty loan bonds, if possible, is patriotic. To consult your bankers before selling them is wise.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., every Sunday, 3 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday, 3 P.M.
Holy Communion, July 28th.

ALL SOULS CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3525 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00 P.M.

Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

THE ANNUAL
Three Days Outing

ALBANY DIVISION, No. 51,
[N. F. S. D.]

will be held this year at
Forest Park

Ballston Spa, N. Y.

August 31 to Sept. 2, 1918

FULL PARTICULARS LATER.

Buy all War Stamps you can.

GRAND BALL

Thanksgiving Eve
Wednesday Nov. 27, 1918

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

CORRIGAN HALL
157th St. and Broadway.

Good Music

The couple adjudged to be the best
dancers will each receive a silver
cup—one to the gentleman and
one to the lady.

Two turkeys will be given away.

Admission, - - 50 Cents
(including wardrobe)

COMMITTEE:
FRANK NIMMO
MENDEL BERMAN
CHARLES SCHATZKIN

TO YOU!

The most anxious Agent will not insure
your house if it smells of smoke and
none insure the lives of sick men or
women.

We are open only for those who are well
in time. The time to prepare is NOW
while it is possible to make the prepara-
tion.

The New England Mutual Life Insurance
Co., of Boston, Mass., is the oldest Co.
in America, with assets of over seventy
million dollars. It offers the BEST
policy contract ever issued to the deaf,
at same low rates as to hearing persons.

Write me for full information which will
open your eyes and perhaps give you an
entirely new view of Life Insurance. I
feel sure that you will not only be in-
terested, but also thank me in years to
come. Medical examination free.

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200 WEST 111TH STREET
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Despite the War

People will have their vaca-
tions. Where are you going
this summer? Come to Pough-
keepsie; where there will be
a "Summer Colony Club,"
for the deaf and their friends,
at Locust Hall Farm. Mr. W.
Renner, Fanwood, 1903, will
be on hand to make your
stay pleasant. Write for par-
ticulars, whether you can stay
a week, a month, or the
whole season. The cost will
average between \$8 and \$10
per week.
Address: Locust Hall Farm,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

CHOP SUEY—Nov. 16, '18
—SATURDAY—

**Many Reasons Why
You Should Be a Frat**

Greater New York Division, No. 23,
N. F. S. D., meets at Imperial Hall,
390 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first
Saturday of each month. It offers ex-
ceptional provisions in the way of Life
Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual
social advantages. If interested write to
either officers, MAX M. LUBIN, Secretary,
1892 Brgen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; or
JOHN D. SHEA, State Eastern New York
Organizer, 73 W. 99th St., New York.

Deaf-Mutes' Union
League, Inc.
143 West 125th St., New York City.

THE object of the Society is the social,
recreative, and intellectual advancement
of its members. Stated meetings are held
on the second and fourth Thursdays of
every month. Members are present for
social recreation Tuesday and Thursday
evenings, Saturday and Sunday after-
noons and evenings, and also on holidays.
Visitors, coming from a distance of over
twenty-five miles, are always welcome.
Address all communications to the
Secretary, ANTHONY CAPELLI, 143 West
125th Street, New York City.

**National Association of
the Deaf.**

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

An Organization for the Welfare
of all the Deaf.

OBJECTS

To educate the public as to the Deaf;
To advance the intellectual, professional
and industrial status of the Deaf;
To aid in the establishment of Employ-
ment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and
National Departments of Labor;
To oppose the unjust application of
liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;
To combat unjust discrimination against
the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines
of employment;
To co-operate in the improvement, develop-
ment and extension of educational facilities
for deaf children;
To encourage the use of the most approv-
ed and successful methods of instruction in
schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such
methods to the need of individual pupils,
and to oppose the indiscriminate applica-
tion of any single method to all;
To seek the enactment of stringent laws
for the suppression of the impostor evil—
hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;
To raise an endowment fund—the income
of which is to be devoted to furthering the
objects of the Association;
To erect a national memorial to Charles
Michael De l'Épée—the universal bene-
factor of the Deaf.

MEMBERSHIP

Regular Members: Deaf Citizens of the
United States;
Associate Members: Deaf persons not
citizens of the United States and Hearing
Persons interested in the welfare of the
Deaf.

FEES AND DUES

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50
Cents. Life membership, \$25 paid into the
Endowment Fund at one time. All Official
Publications free to members.
Official Organ: THE NAD
Every deaf citizen and all others inter-
ested in the advancement of the Deaf along
educational and industrial lines are urged
to join the Association and co-operate
financially and otherwise in promoting its
objects.
Life memberships, donations and be-
quests towards the increase of the Endow-
ment fund are especially needed and
earnestly solicited to the end that per-
manent headquarters, in charge of salaried
experts, may be maintained for the more
efficient and vigorous prosecution of the
work of the Association.

OFFICERS

James H. Cloude, President,
Principal Gallaudet School,
St. Louis, Mo.
James W. Howson, First Vice-President,
Instructor School for the Deaf,
Berkeley, California.
Clea G. Lamson, Second Vice-President,
Teacher School for the Deaf,
Columbus, Ohio.
Arthur L. Roberts, Secretary,
Instructor School for the Deaf,
Olathe, Kansas.
John H. McFarlane, Treasurer,
Instructor School for the Deaf,
Talladega, Alabama.
Jay C. Howard, Board Member,
Investment and Real Estate,
Duluth, Minnesota.
Olof Hanson, Board Member,
Architect,
Omaha, Nebraska.

TRUSTEES ENDOWMENT FUND.

Willis Hubbard, Treasurer, Flint, Michi-
gan.
Olof Hanson, Omaha, Nebraska.

STATE ORGANIZERS.

Through whom remittances for dues, fees,
donations and life membership
may be made.

Alabama: J. M. Robertson, School for the
Deaf, Talladega.
Arkansas and Texas: Rev. J. W. Michaels,
Box 96, Fort Smith, Ark.
Arizona, Nevada and Utah: H. A. McNeilly,
Box 707, Reno, Nev.
California: J. W. Howson, 2915 Regent
Street, Berkeley.
Colorado and Kansas: A. L. Roberts, 247
E. Louisa Street, Olathe, Kan.
New England States: W. C. Rockwell, 30
Farmington Avenue, Hartford, Ct.
Delaware and New Jersey: G. S. Porter,
405 Ardmore Avenue, Trenton, N. J.
District of Columbia: Rev. H. C. Merrill,
318 East 6th Street, Washington.
Florida: O. W. Underhill, School for the
Deaf, St. Augustine.
Idaho and Wyoming: M. G. Griffin, Wheat-
land, Wyoming.
Illinois: Rev. P. J. Hasenstab, 4436 Calu-
ment Avenue, Chicago.
Indiana: A. H. Norris, School for the Deaf,
Indianapolis.
Iowa: Matthew McCook, Riceville.
Kentucky: E. McV. Hay, 1404 Covington.
Louisiana: Rev. H. L. Tracy, 917 Asia
Street, Baton Rouge.
Maryland: Rev. D. E. Moylan, 1003 W.
Franklin Street, Baltimore.
Michigan: J. M. Stewart, 408 West Court
Street, Flint.
Minnesota: V. R. Spence, Box 73, Far-
baul.
Mississippi: Miss Lily A. Gwyn, Eupora.
Missouri: Henry Gross, School for the
Deaf, Fulton.
Montana: Mrs. P. H. Brown, Boulder.
Nebraska: Mrs. Ota C. Blankenship,
School for the Deaf, Omaha.
New Mexico: J. B. Bumgardner, Box 41,
Santa Fe.
New York: M. L. Kenner, 200 West 111
Street, New York City.
North Carolina: W. E. Baekney, 1508 East
7th Street, Charlotte.
North Dakota: T. L. Sheridan, 1301 Kitt-
son Avenue, Devils Lake.
Ohio: Miss Clea G. Lamson, School for the
Deaf, Columbus.
Oklahoma: O. G. Carrell, School for the
Deaf, Sulphur.
Oregon: Miss Marion E. Finch, School for
the Deaf, Salem.
Pennsylvania: H. E. Stevens, Box 81,
Merchantsville, New Jersey.
South Dakota: L. M. Robinson, School for
the Deaf, Sioux Falls.
Tennessee: T. S. Marr, 701 Staham Build-
ing, Nashville.
Virginia: W. C. Ritter, School for the Deaf,
Newport News.
Washington: N. Carl Garrison, Box 23,
Camano.
West Virginia: C. D. Seaton, School for the
Deaf, Romney.
Wisconsin: Thomas Hagerty, School for the
Deaf, Delavan.
Georgia and South Carolina:

JOIN THE N. A. D. DO IT NOW.

Space reserved for
BASKET-BALL & DANCE

under the

Auspices of the Deaf-Mutes'
Union League.

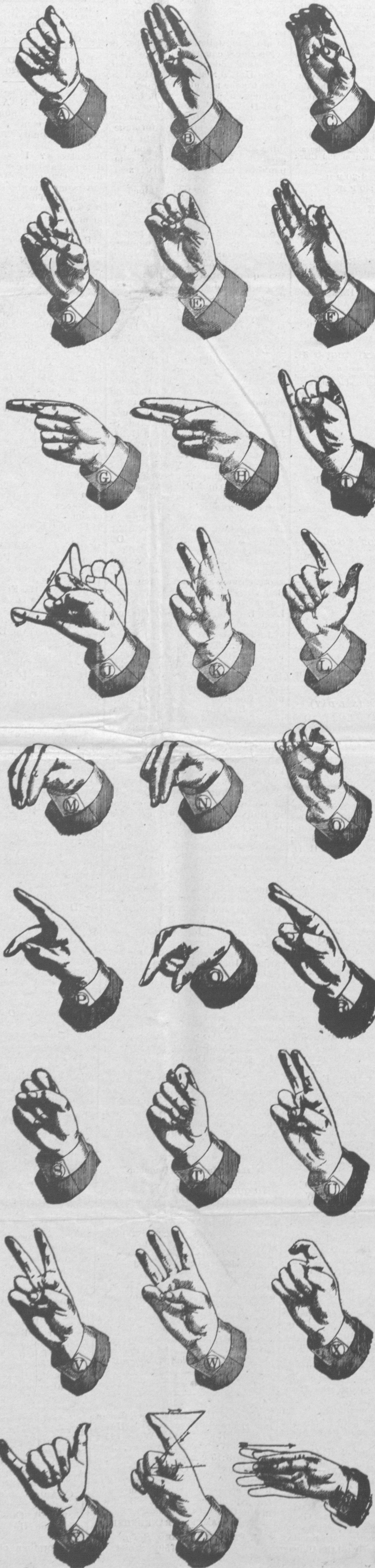
for the

CHAMPIONSHIP N. Y. D. M.

February 22, 1919

[Particulars Later]

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



U. S. S.
The Allied War-Savings Societies
of the Deaf

has been organized and will prosecute to the utmost and in every way
all its efforts to the end that effective and substantial aid is given to
our Government by inducing investment in War Savings and Thrift
Stamps on the part of every member and by encouraging Personal
Service. This War-Savings Society is now affiliated with the National
War-Savings Committee and is composed of:

THE ARTISTS' SOCIETY.

BROOKLYN GUILD OF DEAF-MUTES OF ST. MARK'S
CHURCH.

CLARK DEAF-MUTES' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE.

GUILD OF ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH FOR
THE DEAF.

KNIGHTS OF DE L'EPEE.

LEAGUE OF ELECT SURDS.

LADIES OF DE L'EPEE.

MEN'S CLUB OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF,
GREATER N. Y., NO. 23.

SISTERHOOD OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE WELFARE
OF THE JEWISH DEAF.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE WELFARE OF THE JEWISH
DEAF.

WOMAN'S PARISH AID SOCIETY OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH.
XAVIER ALLIED SOCIETIES.

Please buy your stamps from your favorite society and help boost
our War-Savings Society. Our Motto is \$10,000 by Dec. 31, 1918.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM, Chairman,
18 WEST 107TH STREET, NEW YORK.

ALEXANDER L. PACH, Secretary,
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

OUTING AND FIELD DAY

Reunion in Celebration of the Institution Centenary

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Men's Club of St. Ann's Church

—ON THE GROUNDS OF THE—

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF

Fort Washington Avenue and West 163d Street.

Saturday Afternoon, July 27, 1918

(If rainy postponed to August 3d.)

ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS

[Tickets to be exchanged at grounds for badges.]

ATHLETIC PROGRAM.

One Mile Relay Race
100 yards dash 1 mile walk
440 yards dash Running broad jump
1 mile run Tug-of-War for Flag
—Games for Ladies—

A silver cup as a point trophy will be awarded to the club securing the
highest number of points. Entry fee for each club, \$1.50. In-
dividual prizes to winners of each event. Entry fee for each 15 cents.

Entire proceeds to the Guild of Silent Workers, non-Sectarian Society
for the relief of destitution and distress among the deaf.

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE.

FRANK NIMMO, Chairman HARRY T. HOLMES
FRANK E. FLUHR FRED HABERSTROH
ADOLPH PFANDLER CHARLES WIEMUTH

RAIN OR SHINE

Afternoon

Evening

PICNIC

GAMES AND BOWLING FOR PRIZES

BY THE

Greater New York Division, No. 23, N. F. S. D.

— AT —

DEXTER PARK

[Cypress Hills, Booklyn.]

September 14, 1918

CHAS. J. SANFORD, Chairman.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter, or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Outing of the Men's Club of St. Ann's Church, held on the grounds of the New York Institution for the Deaf, on Saturday, July 27th, attracted a crowd of over 750 people. A more favorable day could hardly have been chosen, for though the sun shone with midsummer warmth, the heat was tempered by the cool breezes from the Hudson, and the spacious grounds of Fanwood, with the broad sweep of lawn, separated from the gravelled quadrangle where the athletic events were staged, furnished sufficient shade and comfort for the numerous children that accompanied their parents to the outing.

It was in reality a reunion, a sort of additional informal celebration of Fanwood's Centenary. While youngsters predominated and monopolized the athletic field, the old boys and girls were content to remain in the shade telling over again old stories of school days, and comparing the Fanwood of today with that of thirty, forty or fifty years ago; not that they love Fanwood any less for all the changes and progress time has brought, but one can understand their feelings toward their *Alma Mater* and smile sympathetically over the oft-repeated "Old times are the best."

There were numerous little tots in perambulators or in the arms of their happy mothers, or scampering and rolling over the lawn, watched over by their proud parents. The late Mr. Carrier used to say that it always made him feel tremendously ancient when he received wedding announcements or invitations from his boys or girls of only a few years ago. To him they were still boys and girls, and to have them visit Fanwood bringing their children with them, used to bring disconcertingly before him the swift flight of time.

It would be wrong to consider the outing as a gathering of the Alumni of Fanwood. It was in reality a representative gathering of all the deaf of New York City and vicinity. Among the prominent clubs that had a large representation were the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, the League of the Elect Surds, the Clark Deaf-Mutes Athletic Association, the Hollywood Fraternity, Knights of De l'Epee, the Alphabet Club, the Brooklyn Guild of Silent Workers, the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, and the Lutheran Guild, comprising members of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths, for the Guild of Silent Workers of St. Ann's Church in the forty years of its existence, has distributed its funds for the relief of the sick and poor among the deaf without regard to race or creed, and the deaf know that its charitable work among them is conducted on the same broad lines of humanism as that of the Red Cross Society. The large outpouring of the deaf was in part a recognition of the practical value and necessity of the work of the Guild, as the oldest organization among the deaf for the alleviation of distress and suffering among them.

Principal Gardner was present most of the afternoon, with a hearty handclasp and a good word for all, and saw that the arrangements for the comfort and enjoyment of the guests were all that could be desired.

The Athletic program took up most of the afternoon, and when it grew too dark, the boys' sitting room was thrown open for such as cared to "trip the light fantastic toe," and not a few availed themselves of the privilege.

Ice cream, cake and lemonade were sold under the direction of Adolph Pfandler, assisted by Miss May Ruhl and Victor Anderson, and the stock had to be replenished twice and even then failed to satisfy the demand.

The Committee from the Men's Club, headed by Alfred C. Stern, worked like Trojans to make the affair a success.

The athletic arrangements were under the immediate supervision of Frank Nimmo, Chairman.

The treasury of the Guild of Silent Workers will be richer by some two hundred and fifty dollars to carry out its work of mercy and charity through the coming year.

The base ball game began promptly at three o'clock. The Insurance Company team did not materialize, but there were many crack ball players present, so a strong team to oppose the Fanwood representatives was made up. The names of the players:—

Fanwoods—F. Lux, W. Lux, Eberhardt, Meyers, Krishinsky, Gompers, Schatzkin, Werher. Visitors—Kruiger, Rubano, Reddy, St. Clair, Radcliffe, Boyan, Lyman, Hester, Schnapp.

The Fanwoods won by a score of 14 to 7.

The track games began with starters, referee and judges comprised of: Harry Holmes, Chester Q. Mann, Fred Haberstroh, John H. Keiser, Charles Wiemuth, Edwin A. Hodgson.

In the 444 yards dash, the winners were: Breslauer, 1st; Worzel, 2d; Wiemuth, 3d.

About twenty girls were entered in the 50-yards dash, which was won by Miss Bertha Haft.

In the dash of 100 yards, Worzel won by inches, Breslauer second, and Richardson third.

Thirty or more girls tried to throw the baseball for distance. Miss Stoloff looked like a winner, but Miss Alice Leahy, of Hoboken, N. J., threw beyond her mark, and everyone felt sure she would win the prize. However, to the astonishment of all, Miss Sarah Kremon eclipsed all and carried off the first prize.

The next was the running jump. This was won by Breslauer, Eberhart being second, and Max Cohen third.

In the relay race three teams entered—namely, the Oaklands—Bing, LaCurto, Allassander, Saraceni; the S. W. J. D.—M. Cohen, Grossman, Rosenberg, Pois; the Clark Club—Worzel, Blumenthal, Fischer, Breslauer. The Clarks won, Oaklands second, S. W. J. D. third.

ALPHABET, A. C. NOTES

The Alphabet Athletic Club is nearing its tenth year as an athletic organization, and is still going strong. For the sake of being prepared the president would be thankful if every ex-member, whether dropped or resigned from the roll of the club, will send his full name and address to Jack Ebin, President, 2089 Vyse Avenue, Bronx.

Last May in the Mail's Marathon Race three of our men were on the track from the Bronx down to City Hall (twelve miles in all), all of them passed the finishing line ahead of time and received medals. Those running were: Eberhardt, Kroboth and Tingberg. Kroboth finishing first and Eberhardt second, followed by Tingberg.

The roll of the club is being quickly filled up, if there is any of you young sports (Fanwood breed), who want to join a clean club with clean sportsmen, you better write to Secretary Kramer, care of the Boys' Club, 10th Street and Avenue A, asking him for an application blank.

There is room for just a few more sportsmen, so hustle and fall in with the rest. Swimming pool open summer and winter. Ask the members how it is.

Kenneth C. Meinken, son of Mr. and Mrs. Meinken, was with 22nd Regiment Engineers on the Mexican Border, and on his return got an honorable discharge. He attended Cornell University for the half of the first year and, after his examination was passed, he left for Providence, R. I. While there, the U. S. War Department wanted College students to go to Officers' Training Camps, at 21 years of age. He was accepted, and since May 15th, he has been at Camp Devens, Mass., thirty-six miles from Boston. He expects to receive his commission shortly, and go to Oklahoma Artillery School.

Leopold Breslauer, winner of over sixty-five medals for sprinting, and largely responsible for victories which brought to the Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Club over twenty-two trophy cups, was at the Outing of the Guild at the Institution last Saturday. He had been training faithfully for three weeks and proved to all that he can "come back," by his remarkable speed in the 440-yards race, and running in the relay race, as well as the running jump. He has now announced to his track captain that he will retire from all athletic competitions. He has had fourteen years of active work on the cinder path and is now in his thirtieth year.

A birthday party was given in honor of Max Newfeld, on Saturday, July 20th, at 160 Leonard Street, Brooklyn. Those present were: Miss Amelia Newfeld, Mr. Max Spritz, Mr. Moses Rudowsky, Mr. John G. Lange, Miss Anna G. Lange, Mr. and Mrs. Unger, Mrs. Rachel, Mrs. Rachel Stobowitz, Miss Hannah Stobowitz, Mrs. and Miss Roy Reichert, Mr. and Mrs. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Skolnick, Mr. Louis Skolnick, Mrs. Jacob Levy, Mrs. J. Appelbaum and daughter, Mrs. B. Oppenheimer and son, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Newfeld.

The Family Outing and Game of the Lutheran Guild of the Deaf will be held at Schubert and Franz's Grove, Myrtle Avenue, Glendale, L. I., on August 11th, all day. Admission is fifteen cents. Take Myrtle Avenue "L." via Metropolitan Avenue, and get off at Fresh Pond Road Station. Get a transfer to Richmond Hill Car. All are invited to join in the festivities of the day.

Mrs. Edward Murphy and children, of Syracuse, were present at the Outing of the Men's Club on the Institution grounds last Saturday. She has been spending a couple of weeks with her old classmate at Fanwood, Mrs. Henry Theis (nee Louisa Kummer.)

Heiman Camman has just returned from a motor trip with his folks through the scenic parts of the Catskill Mountains, to their bungalow at Lake Katrine. The trip was delightful and took two weeks.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

July 27, 1918.—The writer and Mrs. Greener were up at the Home Sunday and gave a service. The following residents were away visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Turner are at Port Clinton near Lake Erie with their married daughter, Miss Elizabeth Crumpton down in Miami-burg with one of her children; Mrs. Emma Banks Dakin (nee Robinson) with her brother at Bridgeport, O.; and Mr. Wm. H. Harrison with his eldest son in Columbus.

The brother of Miss Pearl Sutton with his wife and little son came over from West Mansfield, O., about fifty miles from Central College in his Ford, and visited her. They returned home the same evening after giving the writer, wife, Mr. Chapman, Miss Sutton and his son a ride down to Columbus in his machine, and going back to the Home. Coming down just as the machine turned from Broad Street into Ohio Avenue, there was an explosion in one of the hind wheels. The inner tire had burst from some cause. It was soon replaced, however.

Every one connected with the Home regrets exceedingly that Miss Pearl Sutton is compelled temporarily we hope to leave. She lately developed tuberculosis of the lungs, and last Tuesday was placed in the county sanitarium. It is hoped the treatment she will receive there will restore her to health.

The threshing was done last week at the Home and resulted in a harvest of 328 bushels of wheat from 18 acres. That's above the average of township. 100 bushels have been sold at \$2.10 per bushel.

The Home is amply supplied with coal for the coming winter. There is also a good-sized woodpile in the rear of the old building.

The residents are feasting on potatoes, beans, cabbage and tomatoes from the garden now. The melon and cucumber patches are in fine condition and, with the two good rains in the middle of the week, there is promise of good crops. By the way, the melon seed (cantaloupes) came all the way from California, having been sent the writer by Mrs. James M. Park, to be used as he thought best. It was sent to Supt. Chapman, and George Kindel, one of the "residents" looked after its planting.

The State bindery employees, many of them are deaf, were helped along this month to meet the high cost of living, by receiving an increase in their wages. The men are getting a raise of seven dollars a month and the women three.

Elmer Elsey is minus a chicken as a result of his hen house burning down recently one night. Some rubbish, near the place, had been set on fire and thought to have been thoroughly extinguished. The wind must have blown some embers in an unseen place, where they started up a blaze in the night, while the Elseys were embracing Morpheus. It got too hot for the chickens and they scattered in all directions. Fortunately the owner was able to collect them all next day, but one which had been killed.

Earl Garber, of Canton, son-in-law of Mrs. John F. Weckel, has enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve and is now in training at Great Lakes, Illinois. Her daughter has broken up housekeeping and moved back with her mother. She will resume teaching again in the Canton Public School, when they open in the fall.

It is likely the Cleveland friends of Mrs. A. W. Mann will have the pleasure of having her among them soon. In a note to us she says that her improvement has been such as to warrant such a trip. Indeed the doctor advises it in order that she might be better stand a longer one to the South or West in cold weather, and we hope there will be no setback in her condition and thus disappoint her expectations.

Dave Friedman is keeping Bachelor's Hall, and between times is kept busy in the City Hall testing cement for city use, while his wife and the two little children are having a delightful time with an aunt of hers in Detroit. She will have ample time to see the sights of the "City of Straits" and become acquainted with the deaf there. She has already met Mr. and Mrs. August Beckert and several other Ohio deaf there. She is to remain two months more. Her relatives want Dave to make his future home in that city, and should be acquiesce in their wishes, the Cleveland deaf will lose a man who has done much for their interests, and the city will lose the services of a faithful, conscientious and diligent worker.

Mrs. Jos. Schneider, of Cincinnati, with her two children, came to Columbus Saturday for a two weeks' stay with her parents, living at 420 North 8th Avenue. Her husband is too busy helping Uncle Sam to win the war, and that war garden he is cultivating also demands his staying at home and tending it.

The stork brought a third child to the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Jones, 1010 New York Street,

Memphis, Tenn., July 5th. His storkship must have been delayed on the way for had he arrived a day sooner the parents would have been celebrating two events, the other being Independence Day. They have named the newcomer after grandmother's name, Cornelia Antoinette Jones. Both mother and child are doing fine.

A. B. G.

PROGRAM

OF THE SECOND REUNION OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF, AUGUST 31, SEPTEMBER 1 AND 2, 1918.

Saturday morning, August 31, 9 to 12, Registration of members and friends. Membership fee, 50 cents for two years, 1918-1920.

Lodging at School free to members only. Meals at Restaurant in Wilkinsburg. Lunches can be had under the porch of Boys' Wing.

Saturday afternoon, August 31, formal opening of the Reunion.

Invocation, by Mr. G. M. Teegarden.

Addresses of Welcome:

Mr. J. Charles Wilson, President of the Board of Trustees.

Dr. William N. Burt, Superintendent.

Responses:

Miss Finley Beatty, for the years 1870 to 1880.

Mr. J. M. Rolshouse, for 1880 to 1890.

Miss M. May Toomey, for 1890 to 1900.

Mr. W. E. Bosworth, for 1900 to 1910.

Mr. Edward Harmon, for 1910 to 1918.

Postponement of this Reunion from last year to this year.

Reading of the minutes of the First Reunion.

Appointments of Committees on Business, on Membership, on Nomination, and on Resolutions.

Report of the Dr. John G. Brown Memorial Committee, by Mr. G. M. Teegarden, Chairman and Treasurer.

New Business.

Announcements.

Declaration, "The Star Spangled Banner," Misses Marion Harmon and Florence Beels.

Adjournment.

SATURDAY EVENING, AT 8:00.

Reception and Dancing in Gymnasium.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1ST, AT 11.

Invocation.

Sermon, by Dr. Wm. N. Burt.

Song, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Miss M. May Toomey.

SUNDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 1 AT 8.

Call to order by President.

Invocation.

Introductory Remarks by President.

Reports of the Committees of Business and Membership.

Reports of Committees and Officers of the Association.

Address, Anecdotes of 42 years' connection with the School, Mr. Teegarden.

Stories of the School Life, by members.

Unfinished Business.

New Business.

Announcements.

Declaration, "America," by Miss Emilie Apel.

Adjournment.

MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, AT 9.

Call to order by the President.

Invocation.

Report of the Committee on Nomination.

Report of the Committee on Resolutions.

Unfinished Business.

New Business.

Election of Officers.

Announcements.

Declaration, Dr. John G. Brown; by Mrs. George Blackhall.

Adjournment.

MONDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 2, AT 1:30.

Baseball Game, Old Boys versus Young Boys.

AT 3:30.

Races, Program has been arranged, and prizes will be awarded to winners.

C. A. PAINTER, Chairman Committee on Program.

Fanwood Alumni Notice

All those eligible for membership in the Fanwood Alumni Association should send application with \$1.00 to Miss M. L. Barrager, 99 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City, who is the Treasurer.

ALEXANDER L. PACH, President.

WM. H. ROSE, '86, Secretary.

143 Liberty Street, New York.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dove Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Miss Sadie Mary Cressman to Mr. Isaac Rutherford Allen, at Quakertown, Pa., on Sunday, June 29th. The Rev. C. O. Dautzer, of Philadelphia, performed the ceremony. The couple will live in Philadelphia, where the groom is employed in driving an express wagon.

Miss Susan A. McKee, who, fifteen years ago, shook the dust of Philadelphia off her skirts, and went to Chicago, Ill., to live, gave her friends an agreeable surprise by turning up here as visitor during the Frat convention. She has changed very little, if any in the long time from which it appears that the climate of the Windy City, is very agreeable to her. One thing, however, is that Chicago, like Philadelphia, has failed to provide her a "match."

Mrs. Fred Rapp, of Kenosha, Wis., a visiting Frater during the convention, made the trip to Philadelphia in an automobile, and brought his thirteen-year-old son along. He returned home by the same means.

The attendance at the Frat convention was excellent, but not as large as was expected. It was almost in the eleventh hour of the time for the meeting that the railroads put into effect the three cents a mile rate, and this shock, coupled with the high cost of living, etc., must have knocked the wits out of many. Even the Adelphi was about to raise its rates in June, but the Local Committee held it down the original agreement with it, and so the deaf paid less than hearing guests.

Mrs. J. S. Reider left for York, Pa., to visit her father and daughter on July 19th. Mrs. W. K. Clayton also went to Ashland, Pa., the same week, to visit her husband's folks, where her little daughter had been taken in advance. Mrs. James H. Richards is also visiting her home folks around Mt. Carmel. Meanwhile Messrs. Clayton, Richards and Reider, are keeping bachelor's hall.

Recently Tacony, a part of north eastern Philadelphia, held a big parade and service flag raising ceremony, in which all the neighbors seemed to have taken part, including women and children. In one of the half-tone cuts of different sections of the parade published, our Washington Houston is clearly shown with the marchers carrying a flag over his shoulder. The big service flag was accepted for the city by Dr. E. J. Cattell, the same man who welcomed the Frats on the opening day of their convention. Among the many delightful and witty remarks in his speech of acceptance, he said, "Remember, you are not sending your boys over to be shot. You are sending them over there to shoot the Huns."

Jimmy Meagher and Jimmy Reider had their first meeting during the convention, and were mutually surprised, each thinking the other taller than five feet and a few inches.

Several boxes of cigars were wasted on the delegates while sitting in convention by enthusiastic stay-at-homers. They were enjoyed whenever the ban on smoking was lifted. To equalize things, it would be still more thoughtful if future generous donors would send with each box another one of chewing gum for those to whom tobacco has no temptation.

Bro. Percy W. Ligon, of Atlanta, Ga., was the happiest man from the moment that his home city was chosen as the next convention city, and he lost no time in wiring the fact home. Bro. Ligon lingered in the city until the following Thursday, when he left in company with Bro. Marchman, who will visit in the South for about ten days.

It did look at first as if the beautiful city of Los Angeles would easily carry off the prize, but—Dark horses are always to be feared, especially in a national convention, where the real bidding is done, and the temper of the last moments influence the choice. But, why "cry over spilt milk." Los Angeles still has a chance until Doodlesday.

In lifting the heavy burden of the trusteeship off the back of Bro. Washington Barrows, we can not believe that it was done for other than reasons of conservation, a practice that is gaining favor these days. We have no insight into the Home Office, but we know that Bro. Barrows has been a faithful official, and, above all, he is a bully good fellow. In hitching him to the Board of Trustees, the convention practically endorsed his good work as an official of the Society.

Grand Secretary Gibson's re-election was signaled by a "convention mob" seizing him and lifting him above its shoulders. That was some show when it is remembered that the size and avoirdupois of that official appear to be considerably above the ordinary.

In the election for officers, Grand President Anderson had a "walk-over." He was lustily cheered, and he deserved both the compliment and the office.

There was a spirited contest for the office of Grand Vice-President, but fate decreed that it goes to the old incumbent, Bro. William L. Davis.

Philadelphia seems to have the ideal motto to greet a fraternal body or convention with. The motto on the City's seal is "Philadelphia Maneto." Maneto is from the Latin verb *Maneo*, meaning to "continue." As used with the word "Philadelphia," it means:

LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE.

That is why Philadelphia is called the City of Brotherly Love.

The salary boost of the Grand Officers of the N. F. S. D. was justly deserved for the grand showing they have made, and the constantly increasing work that devolves upon them. But, aside from this, they also deserved consideration, in these times of the high cost of living, as much as any of us, who have been fortunate enough to get a raise in wages.

Bro. Arthur L. Roberts, of Kansas, wielded the gavel for part of the time at most of the sessions, and it was remarkable to see how well he kept his poise at all times. No doubt his coolness and suavity of manner helped him to come out of many a parliamentary tangle with flying colors. The world does appreciate a gentleman. Being a teacher and having to deal with a variety of tempers, the experience gained must be a help to him in dealing with older people.

Bro. Philip Morris was in the convention, to be sure. The fact that he made less noise here than at Omaha may be accounted for by the fact that he had to keep his hands folded as an Alternate Delegate.

Bro. Leo C. Williams, of far-away California, was one of the big guns of the convention, and he did a lot of good work. Overtopping most others in height, he was a most familiar figure and became a favorite with many.

Bro. Ernest G. Swangren, of Rockford, Ill., and his charming better-half, are still lingering in the city, and undecided when to return home. They are making a wide acquaintance with the deaf here.

The good luck which attended the recent Frat convention here may be due in part to the fact that no less than four bridal couples graced it with their smiles. Here are the names of the couples: Mr. and Mrs. Felix Bonvouloir (Miss Pfurr), of Hartford, Ct.; Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Edmondson (Miss Sallie Morrison), of Hobogton, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mayer, Jr., (Miss Matilda O'Neill), of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Allen, (Miss Mary Cressman), of Philadelphia. May the blessing of the Society be theirs as well as the goodwill of the landlord, butcher, grocer, milkman, doctor and all others with whom they shall have to deal, excepting the undertaker.

Among others, who reached the convention by the luxury of the automobile, were a party from Hartford, Ct., consisting of Mr. Walter C. Rockwell, Mr. and Mrs. Bonvouloir, Mr. and Mrs. Meacham, and Rev. Franklin C. Smilean from the interior of the State. The latter reached here with a small but important part of his machine out of order. His misfortune, however, turned out to be a blessing, for, when he took the car to a repair-shop, they were too busy to attend to it at once and kept it all week, which was just to Mr. Smilean's liking, for it saved him a week's storage charges.

Bros. Gibson and family, consisting of his wife and her mother, on the homeward stretch, made a short detour through New York State, seeing beautiful Watkins Glen and other places, and again stopping in Western New York to visit his wife's relatives.

Bro. Anderson, the head and last of the official family of the N. F. S. D. to leave Philadelphia, had contemplated a trip to the Adirondacks, but abandoned it at the last moment when he was seized with an attack of homesickness. Nobody, who feels as he must have felt, that there is no place like home, will blame him.

Mr. and Mrs. John McDonough and children motored to Mt. Airy from Reading, Pa., on July 4th, and joined the big crowd there. Mrs. McDonough's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Parham, were also there. They returned home in the evening.

A Moonlight Sail, on the Delaware River, is being arranged for the evening of August 9th, to raise funds for the expenses of the delegates to the P. S. A. D. meeting at Reading. All will be welcome. Come along.

St. Andrew's Silent Mission.

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.

Rev. G. H. Hoffman, Priest-in-Charge. Edw. W. Frisbee and Albert S. Tufts, Lay-Readers.

Boston—St. Andrew's Silent Mission, Trinity Parish House, Copley Square. Every Sunday of the month, at 11:00 A.M.

Haverhill—Trinity Church, First Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Salem—Federal Street Church, Second Sunday, at 2:15 P.M.

Lynn—St. Stephen's, Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Everett—N. E. Home for Deaf-Mutes, Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Worcester—All Saint's, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Providence, R. I.—Grace Church, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Edwin W. FRISBEE, Lay-Missionary, 50 Playstead Road, West Medford, Mass.

PITTSBURGH.

The following, taken from the *Wilkinsburg Sentinel*, is self-explanatory:

Each Sunday the sermon of the Rev. George Taylor, Jr., is given by "wireless" to the deaf members of the first Presbyterian Church. Mr. E. D. Reed, one of the professors at the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, just over the Wilkinsburg borough line, in Edgewood, interprets the sermon to those who can read the mute language. They sit in the gallery, and many people glance up there occasionally to see the interpretations. One can readily pick out certain expressions or gestures, if that be a better word, as being the interpretation of some idea which Dr. Taylor has just mentioned in his sermon.

The mute members of the Church attend a class in Sunday School, taught by Miss Jennie Cobb, another teacher in the School, and then stay to "see" the sermon, as interpreted by Prof. Reed.

There is possibly no other coterie of people attending the services in any church in Wilkinsburg who really enjoy the sermon or pay more attention to it, than do Mr. Reed's congregation, even though Dr

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, AUGUST 1, 1918.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Nestle the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A few years previous to the Spanish-American War, the American Guard, a semi-military organization was formed among the boys of the Public Schools of this city, to teach loyalty and patriotism and to relieve the monotony of the elementary gymnastic work, that lack of adequate apparatus forced on physical instructors. There were a number of private schools that improved on the idea and uniformed and equipped their students more elaborately, instituted strict military discipline in their curriculum, held inter-school competitive military drills, rifle matches and sham battles in local armories. The Barnard Cadets, Hamilton Greys, Berkeley School Battalion and a score of others, were easily recognizable by their distinctive uniforms. Then for one reason or another this really commendable training was dropped, sometimes on the score of expense, but usually the complaint was that it consumed time that could more profitably be devoted to purely academic subjects.

When Fanwood organized and uniformed her Cadet Battalion, back in 1895, not a few of the heads of schools for the deaf criticized the plan. They objected to uniforming the pupils, on the ground that it was a badge advertising their infirmity and savored too much of the repressiveness of an asylum. In the meantime they leaned back and waited for the failure of the experiment. But the leader at Fanwood was gifted with far-sightedness. The military organization was a means to an end, and apart from the benefits of military training, soon evidenced by improved bearing, elimination of the stoop-shouldered shuffling gait of the average deaf-mute, the discipline developed alertness and self control—in short, the benefits far exceeded the expectations of its most optimistic supporters. From time to time the equipment of the Cadet battalion was added to and brought up-to-date. First buglers, then fife and drum corps, and later a full military band recruited from the battalion. A signal corps has for the past year or more been in process of formation. So step by step the Cadet corps was brought to a high state of perfection, earning enthusiastic commendation from officers of the Regular Army and National Guard and winning silver cups, shields, and other trophies, in competition with military organizations of youth who possessed the advantage of hearing. The critics have been silenced.

In New York State, military training in all elementary and secondary schools is compulsory by a law passed last May. All boys between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, unless exempted by the State Commission, must be given military training. The law applies also to boys in

private schools and colleges, as well as those attending public schools.

The prefatory section sets forth:—

"In order to more thoroughly and comprehensively prepare the boys of the elementary and secondary schools for the duties and obligations of citizenship, it shall also be the duty of the Military Training Commission to recommend from time to time to the Board of Regents the establishment in such schools, of habits, customs and methods best adapted to develop correct physical posture and bearing, mental and physical alertness, self-control, disciplined initiative, sense of duty and the spirit of co-operation under leadership."

This clearly expresses the idea uppermost in the mind of the late Enoch Henry Currier, when he instituted military discipline at Fanwood. His wisdom and firmness in adhering to his purpose have been amply justified. The benefits that have accrued are patent to all.

It is quite certain that the example of New York State in making military training compulsory will soon be followed by all the States of the Union. The schools for the deaf will hardly be granted exemption, on the showing made by Fanwood; and the benefits to the deaf pupils will outweigh any objections that might be put forward in opposition to the decree.

The Frat Convention

One distinct upward step, that was brought about through the recent Convention of the Grand Lodge of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, was the enlargement of the Board in respect to Vice-Presidents to meet the great growth of the organization. Approaching a membership nearing the four thousand mark, the time had passed when the President could keep in touch with the individual members; so the United States was cut up into six sections, and six Grand Vice-Presidents elected to have jurisdiction. So far as powers go, the Sixth Vice-President ranks with the First, as all are equal, and their equalities extend even to similar salaries, though in the event of one of their number being called on to act in the President's stead the first elected would be the one to serve.

Beginning on the Atlantic Coast, Grand Vice-President Alexander L. Pach has all New England and the State of New York, with Divisions located at Portland, Me.; Boston, Worcester and Holyoke, Mass.; Providence, R. I.; Hartford, Waterbury, New Haven and Bridgeport, Conn.; New York City, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo, N. Y. Fifteen in all, with new Divisions—one each in Maine, Massachusetts and New York State, possibilities of the near future.

Grand Vice-President William L. Davis, with headquarters in Philadelphia, has the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia.

Grand Vice-President Thomas J. Blake, of Akron, Ohio, takes the bulk of the territory of the central easterly states; and Grand Vice-President H. L. Tracy, of Baton Rouge, La., has the states on the Gulf of Mexico and other Southern States. What might be termed the trans Mississippi district is presided over by Grand Vice President Arthur L. Roberts, of Olathe, Kansas.

The extreme western of Pacific Coast territory is in the jurisdiction of Grand Vice-President Melville J. Mathews, with headquarters in Salt Lake City.

It will be seen that true, tried, and capable men were selected to inaugurate this progressive step, and the growth of the Society will be enhanced through the fact that every subordinate Division can count on the presence, if needed, of a representative of the highest in authority.

War School for Deaf

CAPE MAY, N. Y., July 26.—The first army medical school for the restoration of the hearing and speech of soldiers has been opened under the Division of Physical Reconstruction of the Surgeon-General's Office, at Army Hospital No. 11 here, formerly the million dollar Hotel Cape May. It is under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Richardson, of the Medical Corps.

The principal address was made by Major William W. Keen, the eminent Philadelphia surgeon, who joined the army at the outset of the war. He compared the surgery in the military medical department now with surgery in the civil war. The school opened with a full corps of teachers and patients enough to occupy their full time.

FANWOOD.

The following letter is from Captain Edwin D. Fox, son of Dr. Fox. There is another son, Sergeant Elliott D. Fox, who is on or near the firing line somewhere in France.

June 28, 1918.

DEAR AUNT FAY:— Your periodicals, so called, are really enjoyed by 'yours truly,' and I am surprised but glad to know that he people on "The Hill" remember me so well; it is nice, isn't it?

You know that to get into a pleasant, "homey" writing mood, is such a rare occurrence here at the front that delays in writing home makes one ashamed of himself. Time is everything here. You see, every two minutes it runs like this: "Cap't. Fox, P. C. U. S. wants you on the phone." I hobble to said phone, take message, and hurry back to my room to write. Then, knock, knock "Cap't. Fox, Cap't. wants to know if you have any cigarettes?" I answer "No, darn it, No." Whereupon, "Very good, sir," the door closes and I proceed to write, when tap, tap, "Sir Captain, one of my horses needs shoeing, and the blacksmith won't fix it"—whereupon I demand of one of my Lieutenants that he see what is wrong. Door closes again, and I pick up a cigarette, put the lighted end in my mouth, silently pray (?)—try to concentrate on my letter, and get under way on three cylinders when, "Sir Captain, the General says thus and so, and will inspect your stables this afternoon." Whereupon I succumb, put down my pad and pencil, and proceed to do as the said General directs.

Well, by that time I have lost all interest in my letter, but remembering Dad's pet remark that "writing to the boys without receiving any replies is uninspiring." I decided that said Father had better be inspired before said son is disowned. I set me down again to the letter, and pick up my sturdy but gradually drying fountain pen. Then, "Sir Captain, the Phone." But my feelings cannot be written. I go to the disturber of the peace and find that the meat for Co.—and Co.—has been ruined by gas, and will I please send up more food right away; and when are we going to issue tobacco; and the Major desires to know why his pet horse did not arrive at his P. C. on time; and where is the ammunition that was promised. Whereupon I reply, "Yes, No, Maybe," and forget what was doing, and start to bawl out to everybody, but by that time it is time to eat.

I figure that after supper I shall surely finish that letter, but no, "No can do," my French Lieutenant and his interpreter came in, and after the flow of language has been condensed, it runs like this: "The Division wanted to know why I did not return—and—and follow their orders, but as they have just found out that I never had the—and—the General commanding the D. I., believes my hair is too long.

Now, you see, I fooled them. I left the door open when I resumed this "Epistle to the family" so they could not knock, with the result that since I started to resume forty minutes ago, I have been interrupted only seven separate and distinct times. I ask you is that conducive to a coherent letter? Shall I finish it to-day, for, you know, we have up to twelve noon!

I decide that I will try once more, and I sit down to write, but in comes a Major. "Captain, if I have to move in fifteen minutes, can you move me?" "Yes." I get a number of Lieutenants and Sergeants, give orders, chase around and see if the wagons are O. K., if the ammunition is O. K. and the food in place, and have everything in place. Then, boom! boom! here they come. No, it is only an aeroplane fight; they are shelling what seems to be a mosquito in the sky. So you turn in disgusted, and wonder whether it is French or German. I decide to go to bed. Then the artillery begins its serenade, and after I am half asleep—wow, galloping horse, man calls for Captain Fox. I yell "here." "Letter for you, sir." I take it half awake, light a candle, but suddenly remember the window is not covered; cover it, look at the envelope and all I can see is "urgent." Grunt—open envelope, and behold I must get a machine gun train to the trenches at once, and it is now twelve thirty, after midnight. I dress, get a lot of sleepy men awake, try to hitch sixteen balky mules to sixteen balky (or seem so) machine gun wagons, and as I see them start, heave a sigh, hoping I can now get some sleep. To bed I go, but the next thing I know—"Captain," answered half asleep, "Yes." "Have you any special orders for the wagon train?" it is 5:30, and you realize that fifteen wagons must be on the way to the refilling point to draw supplies for 3200 men for the day.

So, dear family, remember please that we are not as at home, where we could do as we pleased, but here at the front, where one captain and two lieutenants must be ready to supply food, clothes, and everything else for 3200 fighting men and 300

odd horses. But, anyhow, we "carry on."

I recall that I started to write you a letter, but have strayed slightly from the straight path, but perhaps you, Dad, and Ruth, will bear with me when I do not write as often as other officers do, who have only 60 or 150 men to look after.

Love to all,
LAD.

On Saturday, July 27th, a big crowd, of about seven hundred people, were gathered on the Institution ground. Baseball was played and races run. William Stokely amazed the attendance by his fine form in a practice spin around the course. He won a medal at the recent N. Y. A. C. Meet at Travers Island last week. We are glad to hear Sarah Kremen, one of the graduates of 1918 of Fanwood, won the ladies' prize in throwing the baseball.

Principal Gardner, looking well tanned, arrived here on Saturday, in time to meet the deaf-mutes at the picnic on the Institution grounds.

James N. Orman, a graduate of this year, was in the printing office on Monday. He has been in the Adirondack Mountains for two weeks, to keep his mind cool and free, and he is ready to go to the college for the deaf in Washington, D. C., next fall.

Miss Anna Heslin, one of the nurses at this Institution, spent her vacation of a month in Sea Brook, Ct.

Mr. William Edwards, the Band Master, is back after having a month's vacation.

Miss Mary Doran, one of the seamstresses in the Boys' Sewing Room, enjoyed two weeks of fine, cool weather, in Woodbandue, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary E. Stockbower, private secretary to the Principal, spent her vacation in the Catskill Mountains. Most of the time she was auto-riding up the mountains.

Mr. George Davis, our Accountant, came back after his one month's vacation in Lebanon, Pa.

Elmira, N. Y.

On Thursday evening, May 16th, a reception was given Rev. C. O. Danizer at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murray and Mrs. Orr. It was a very pleasant affair, and we were all glad to see Mr. Danizer again. Ice cream and salted soda crackers were served during the evening. On Friday Mr. Danizer preached to us at Trinity Chapel.

David Miller has just moved his family here from New York City. He has a good position with the Willy's Marrow Company, doing government work. Many of the deaf from New York City have recently come here, and secured good jobs, among them "Silent Martin." He says he likes it here.

Last Friday word was received that Grand Secretary Frances P. Gibson would come to Elmira. Word was passed to meet at the home of Willis H. Denson, on Post Street, Saturday evening. Mr. Gibson had been visiting his wife's mother's cousin in Montour Falls, an hour's ride by trolley from Elmira. Frats and Non-Frats and their ladies came to the number of thirty-eight. Bro. Gibson said he was surprised to see so many present, as he had no idea there would be so many mutes here. More could have been present, but could not be reached in the short notice given. A most enjoyable evening was spent. Ice cream and cakes were served. When it was found that Bro. Gibson had lost the last trolley back, he staid all night with Mr. and Mrs. Denson. A short business meeting of the Frats was held, and several non-Frats decided to join at an early date.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph M. Lawton, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Denson, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. John Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Marsh, Mrs. Henry Skinner, Mrs. Pat. Quinn, Mrs. Mary Coke, Misses Mary Quinn, Ethel Howe, Lottie Shattuck, and Messrs. Burke, London, Hower, Martin, McMahon, Miller, Borochow, Devlin.

Sunday Bro. Gibson left via trolley for Montour Falls. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph M. Lawton, of Elmira, and Miss Lottie Shattuck, of Cohocton, accompanied him. We were very glad to have the opportunity to meet Bro. Gibson, and hope he will pay us another visit in the future.

N. M. L.

Origin of the Census.

The census probably had its origin in Rome. The term comes from the high officer called censor, whose duty it was, among other things, enumerate the people. The Roman census must have been minute and full, since it indicated not only the number of the people, but their respective classes, domestic positions, wealth, etc. It seems that the Roman census was taken about every fifth year. The first effort to take a census in Great Britain was made in 1801, but it did not extend to Ireland. The first census ever taken in the United States was in the year 1790, since which time it has been taken regularly every ten years.

DETROIT.

News items of interest to the deaf of Michigan may be addressed to Mrs. C. C. Colby, 476 Cadillac Avenue, Detroit. Subscriptions will be received and forwarded to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Under the auspices of the Detroit Association of the Deaf, the First Annual Picnic will be held at Palmer Park, on Sunday, August 11th. Bring your friends, sweethearts and wives. A good time is assured all. The picnic grounds are near the pavilion at Hamilton Boulevard. Refreshments will be served. Games and prizes will be the feature of the day. William Behrendt is chairman of the committee in charge, and his assistants are C. Goupil and Ivor Friday. Please remember the date, August 11th.

Members of the Lutheran Church will hold their picnic at the Norris School grounds, Sunday, August 18th. Every body is requested to bring their picnic lunch. Ice cream will be sold and the proceeds will go toward the church fund. Every body is invited to attend.

Rev. Mr. Allabough preached at the chapel of St. John's, both morning and afternoon, July 21st. In the morning the pastor read St. Matthew, 7:10. Holy Communion was given after which a baby named Horace Clyde, child of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bourlier was baptized.

In the afternoon he preached on the subject "Starch." When he spelled "S-t-a-r-c-h" the congregation looked up at each other wondering if he was to tell them of linen stiffening (?). The six letters were enough for them, for that afternoon the atmosphere was very close and humiliating. One fellow, who wore a cool thin shirt, blissfully fell asleep in the pew, when the subject for the afternoon was announced.

Rev. Mr. Allabough then explained that "Starch" was defined as precise, stiff, formal, etc. He suggested that we should not look with fixed eyes or to take a formal stand. We should always keep smiling, etc. He then read Genesis, 44:32, which was interesting.

On account of the poor cherry crop this summer, Rev. Mr. Allabough has abandoned his trip to Traverse City to the Cleary fruit farm in August, as the owner does not need the pastor's help; so he has decided to spend his vacation, from July 25th to August 31st, in Cleveland with his family. He claims to have a pile of unanswered letters at home, which he will "house clean" at that time. He left Sunday afternoon for Flint to conduct services that evening. During Mr. Allabough's absence, Mr. Collins Sawhill preached on Sunday morning at Canton, and at Akron, Ohio, in the evening. Rev. Mr. Allabough then held services at each of the following towns: Grand Rapids, July 22d, at 7:30 P.M.; Kalamazoo, July 23d, at 7:30 P.M. and Jackson, July 24th, at 7:45 P.M. Rev. Allabough will not come to Detroit again until September.

Clarence Kubiach is on the go! He is now sojourning in Louisville, Ky. He was in Nashville, Tenn., the past week, having the time of his life.

Mrs. Joseph Kolhoff writes from Cleveland, O., of the passing away of Mrs. Sophia Rector, widow of Sodus, Michigan, June 13th. Mrs. Rector suffered from cancer and is survived by three children. Mrs. Kolhoff is enjoying good health, visiting with her brothers in Cleveland and Lorain, O.

Thomas Kenny has accepted a better job at the Detroit Ship Building Company.

Casimir M. Sadofsky and son, Harold, are visiting his twin sisters in Cleveland, O. They are enjoying sight-seeing. He remembered friends with view cards of Cleveland and its surroundings. Thank you.

Mr. and Mrs. McLachlan entertained a few friends to supper Monday evening, July 22d.

Mrs. Leon La Porte and children are at Zurich, Ontario, visiting relatives and friends, to be gone for the balance of summer.

Miss Sundquist, of Bay City, is in the city for a few days, and was at the Allabough services July 21st, making new and renewing old acquaintances. She is a charming young lady, a graduate from the Flint School.

At this writing Hyman Hurwitz is resting comfortably at the Delray Industrial Hospital, on the West side.

Archie Borgess, sixteen year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Borgess, Senior, has found a position at the Ford Tractor Co.

Mrs. Fredo Hyman, of Chicago, accompanied her married sister and two little girls to Mt. Clemens, the Mineral Bath City, two weeks ago. They will remain there for a month, taking bath treatments.

The writer, her daughter, Violet, and Mrs. R. H. McLachlan, motored to Mt. Clemens, twenty-five miles to visit them. Mrs. Hyman is a charming and attractive talker, amusing her guests of St. Louis and Chicago silent population. While there they called on Mrs. John Berry, and met Mrs. L. D. Brown, who is a charming lady, whose husband is a painter by trade, though he has never been to school in his

life. He can not write or read, other than his name. The Berry's have a beautiful garden of nearly every vegetable in fine condition. Mr. Berry is a good gardener, though he goes to work in Detroit as foreman in a shoe factory at 5 o'clock every morning. There is another deaf family by the name of Ferdinand and Wiedeman, who live near the Berry's. The writer and party enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Fredo Hyman and Mrs. John Berry.

We have good news for you, the D. A. D. is going to start a Literary Program this fall with a debate, etc.

Through Uncle Sam, Henry Furman has been transferred to the Ford Ship Building from the Ford Motor Co., as a tool repairer.

David Turill is working at the Imperial Ship Building Co., and likes it very well.

Belle Isle was the scene of the Illinois and Michigan boys ball game on Sunday, July 7th. A big bunch of visitors attended the game, which took place in the afternoon. The Illinois boys carried out their vow, defeated the Michigan boys 10 to 4, and now hold the championship pennant. Mrs. C. C. C.

Greensburg, Pa.

Rumor hath it that there will, this coming Fall, be a wedding somewhere in Westmoreland County.

Harry Fox and Catherine Hoff man, both pupils at the Edgewood Park School, are enjoying a summer vacation with their parents in this neck o' woods. Of course, they will return at the opening of the Fall term.

Mr. Fox is working at the Greensburg Swing Factory, where James Prince is employed during his vacation.

Joseph Sereofsky, a Russian Jew, of this city, recently procured a situation with the Kelly and Jones Company, south of town.

William Lemon, a Mt. Pleasant tonorial artist, has returned from the Quaker City, where he participated in the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. He reports having enjoyed a "bully" time, and that in his judgment, the convention was in every respect a successful affair.

Ye local received a post-card from Mr. John M. Rolshouse, who also attended the Frat Convention, stating that to his regret, he missed this grand affair. The writer found it impossible to attend, on account of the 1918 Catalog, he has been setting up for the Kelly and Jones Company.

Mr. Charles A. Chatham, of Altoona, spent Sunday two weeks ago, with your correspondent here. He reported all deaf people in the "Mountain City" well and prospering.

It is learned that Mrs. Mary Robb, of Altoona, will make her future home with her married sister in Pittsburgh in the autumn.

Henry Bades, instructor in shoe making at the Edgewood School, is doing farm work for his noted clever friend, James G. Pool, at "Meadow Brook," during his vacation.

Mrs. J. F. V. Long, of Youngwood, returned from Uniontown, her girlhood home, where she spent one day with relatives and friends.

John L. McManima, of New Brighton, came to Jeannette to see his wife, who has been visiting at the home of her parents for the past week. They have returned to their home in the above mentioned place. Mr. McManima has been kept very busy with government work there since war was declared on Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Diamond, and W. U. Lemon and your humble servant, enjoyed a pleasant but rather quiet Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Pool at "Meadow Brook." The day was indeed an ideal one for the visitors.

Mr. Diamond was lately elected by members of the De l'Epee Lodge of Pittsburgh as a delegate to the convention of Knights of De l'Epee, to be held in Baltimore, July 29th.

Charles Otto, of Pittsburgh, takes Mr. Diamond's place, as the latter's boss refused to allow him to get away, owing to the fact that there is a great rush of work being done in the Pennsylvania Station planning mill this summer.

Westmoreland County was well represented at the Frats' annual picnic, held on the beautiful Campus of the Edgewood Park School on the Fourth. No wonder everybody present enjoyed picnicking thoroughly.

Rex paid his respects to his old friend, Mrs. Sarah Woodside, at her Campbell Street home, Wilkesburg, on the evening of the Fourth. He found this honorable lady hale and hearty, considering her advanced age. It is understood that Mrs. Woodside expects to leave early in September for St. Louis, where she will stay with her son and family until next Spring.

No one from Westmoreland County will attend the convention of the Pennsylvania Society of the Deaf to be held in Reading, in August, so far as we can learn. No doubt it is due to the increase in railroad rates.

August 8th will mark the annual picnic of members of St. Margaret's Mission of Pittsburgh, at Kenneywood Park. **REX.**

SAN FRANCISCO.

Rumor comes from Los Angeles that Miss Gertrude Childress, a graduate of the Berkeley School, has been married.

George Phillips is now an apprentice compositor with the Myself-Rollins Bank Note Co.

Two new "Fordites" are Messrs. Hatcher and Krambeck. Hatcher was a feeder on a Harris Offset Cylinder Press at the Schmidt Litho Co. Krambeck was a cigar maker for a number of years. We wish them both luck.

Miss Lucille Brower, another graduate of the California School, works for A. G. Spaulding Co. She makes sporting clothes, such as baseball, football and basketball suits, and sews the letter and monograms on hats, shirts and sweaters. She is greatly pleased with her work and hopes to continue indefinitely.

The man, who called California "The Land of Sunshine," was right and no mistake. As I finished writing the above few lines I looked at my watch and found it was 8 P.M., and the sun was a good distance from the horizon, and shone as warm as it had at noon. It will not be dark for over an hour yet, and I have been home from work since 5:45. These summer evenings are glorious for walks, motor rides, swimming and many other pleasures. Who wouldn't be a Californian if he could? Is there any other place like California? No, I am not a native son, either. As a fact, I was born in Chicago and the memories of that cold, biting wind, and the seven feet snow drifts in our back yard have never left me. Br-r-r! "California for mine!"

H. O. SCHWARZLOSE.

Convention of the Knights of De l'Epee in Baltimore.

The Convention of the Knights of de l'Epee will meet in Baltimore, Md., during the last week of July. The opening session will take place on Tuesday morning, July 30th, in Loyola College Hall, Calvert and Monument Streets. Rev. Patrick S. Gilmore, of Buffalo, Supreme Chaplain of the Order, will say mass in the Cathedral at 9 A.M. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, will be present, and is expected to deliver a sermon which will be interpreted either by Father Gilmore or Father Galvin.

The opening of the Convention will be with the recitation of the "Star Spangled Banner," by a choir of Baltimore young ladies.

The address of Supreme Knight Donnelly will follow.

The Knights will then settle down to business, which will occupy every day, except Wednesday, when they go on an excursion to Chesapeake Beach. The Convention is expected to come to a close on Saturday morning. On Saturday afternoon there will be a trip to Washington. Arrangements are being made to gain an interview with President Wilson, and offer the services of the deaf, in any capacity to the winning of the war.

On Sunday, August 4th, the delegates will go to Communion in a body in Grace Chapel. This is the feast day of the deaf which is Ephpheta Sunday.

After the mass on Monday a group of photograph will be taken on the steps of the Cathedral.

The official hotel will be the Hotel Rennett. Arrangements have also been made with Joyce's Hotel to accommodate those who desire quarters there.

Quite a crowd of delegates expect to leave New York at 1:55 P.M. on Sunday, July 28th, from the Pennsylvania Station, 7th Avenue and 33d Street, over the Baltimore and Ohio R.R. In this party, besides the New York delegation, will be delegates from Boston, Lowell, Providence, Albany, Buffalo and other points. En route the train will pick up the Newark, Philadelphia and Scranton delegates.

Two veteran teachers of the Michigan School for the Deaf have retired on pensions. They are Mr. Willis Hubbard, who taught for fifty-two years, of which time he rendered valuable service to the Flint School for fifty years; and Mrs. Hulda R. J. Mercer, who is now in her 86th year and has taught at Flint for thirty-two years.

Mr. W. J. Blount, for thirty-two years a teacher in the Kentucky school at Danville, died on July 26th. He was educated in the Kentucky and Indiana schools, and was a son of John Blount, who was educated in the Kentucky school and was the first deaf teacher in that school.

The Misses Lillian and Jeannette Schoenfeld, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. M. Schoenfeld, are spending two weeks at Atlantic City.

Rev. B. R. Alabough's Appointments.

(The Clark, No. 4, Lakewood, Ohio.)

AUGUST

4—Cleveland, 10:45 A.M. Holy Communion and 3 P.M.
Akron, 7:45 P.M.
11—Canton, 3:00 P.M.
Alliance, 7:45 P.M.
18—Akron, 10:00 A.M. Holy Communion and 7:45 P.M.